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GAY GUYS

FROM THE PUBLISHER OF SWEDISH EROTICA MAGAZINES AND BOOKS

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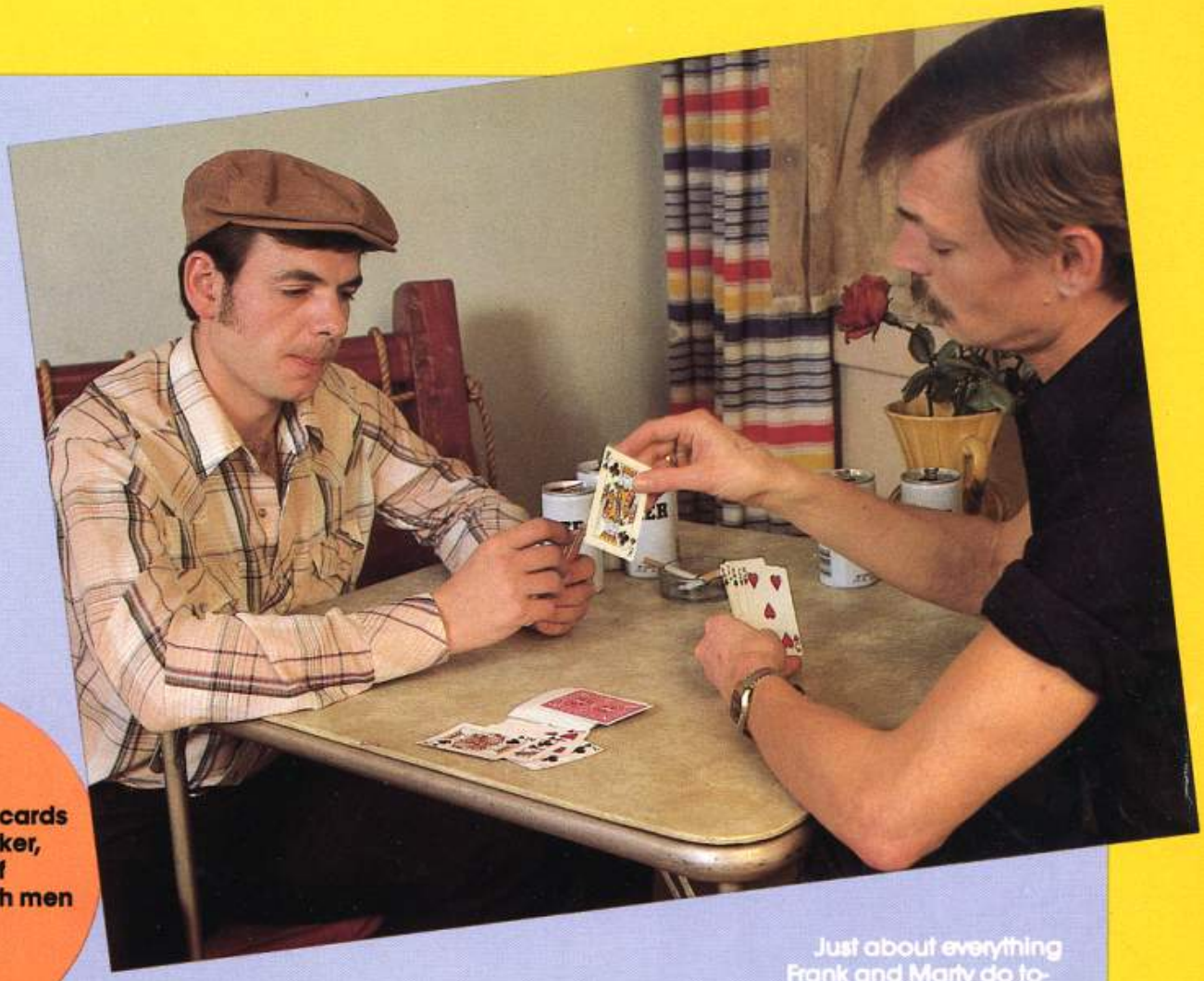
ALL COLOR

In this supposed era of enlightenment, there has recently been a startling upturn in reports of attempted book censorship in the nation's libraries. Alarmed officials of the American Library Association recently pointed out that until a year ago there averaged three hundred such reports a year, but that in the past twelve months over a thousand libraries have reported attempts to have books removed from their shelves.

Inevitably, **The Joy of Gay Sex** is described by one library official as among the "more controversial titles" under attack around the country. Why should this be? In the face of the gay revolution, one might expect a lessening of pressure against the gay point of view. Perhaps it is the very success — the startling success — with which gay men have suddenly moved out of the closet and into the mainstream of American life. Increasingly, homosexuals are not only open about their sexual preferences and lifestyle, but proud of it.

This magazine neither condones nor condemns gay living, nor any other personal sex preference that injures no one, but it is inevitable that the loving young couple portrayed in these pages offers up a bold celebration of that lifestyle. The two men in this magazine live together with neither fear nor shame, and the life of each is devoted to the pleasure of the other. Perhaps some of those library book banners ought to examine such lifestyles more closely, for they would find that there is joy indeed in the gay way of life.

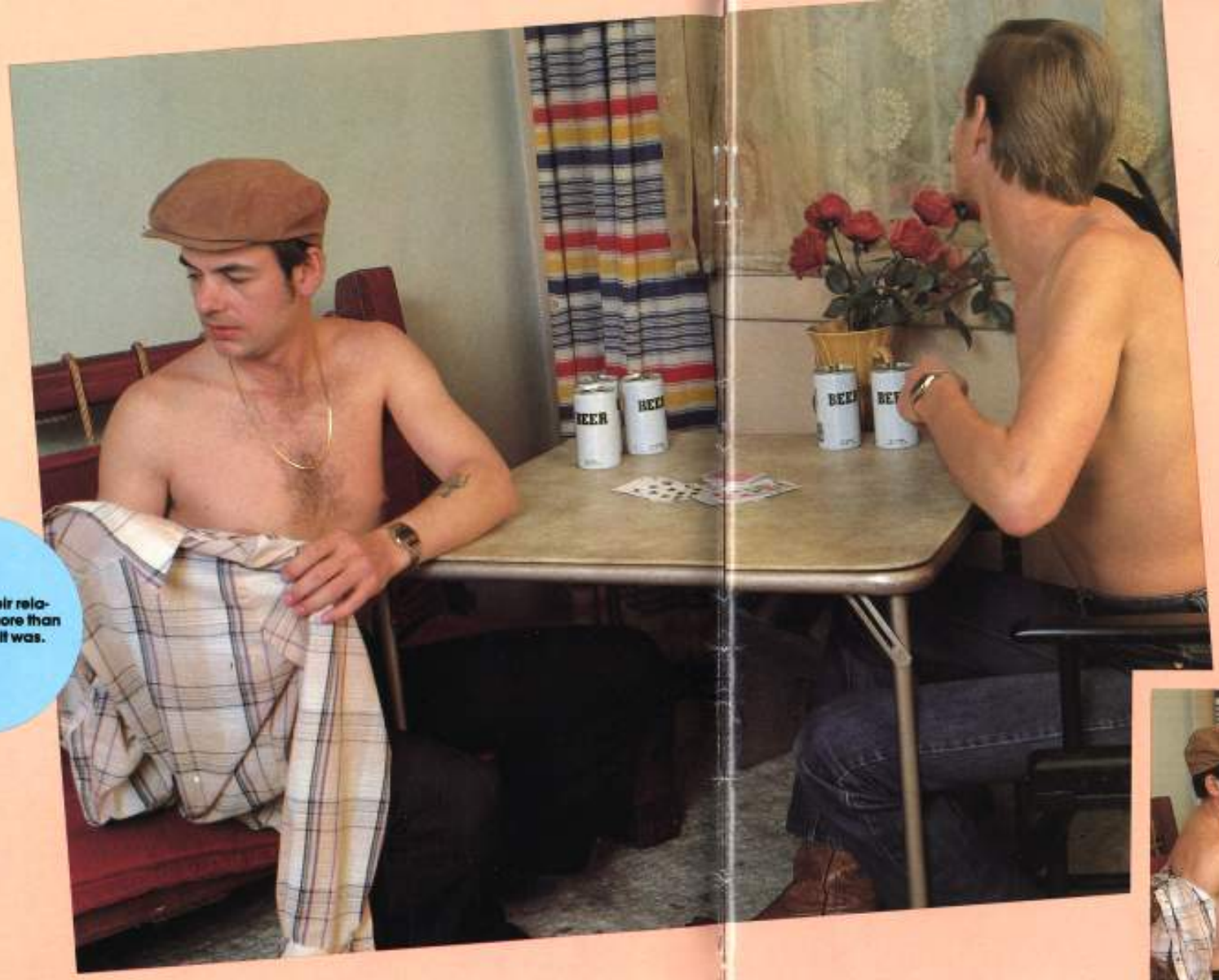


A friendly game of cards turned into strip poker, and the sight of stiff cocks aroused both men to fiery passion.

Just about everything Frank and Marty do together is aimed towards enhancing their pleasure. A friendly game of cards inevitably turns into strip poker, and each of them feels a mellow warmth as one by one the other's garments begin to drop off. The lights are dim and the music from the stereo is romantic. The talk is in low tones, and the ruddy chest flesh of each man quickly becomes filmed with the moisture of growing passion.

"Thank you for the flowers you had sent over, Marty," Frank said from across the card table. "When you do something like that . . . I don't know, it's so different from living with . . . you know who."

Marty smiled. He had just moved in with Frank, and the handsome blonde with the trim moustache had rebounded from a very bad relationship. Sending



They wanted their relationship to be more than just sex . . . and it was.

flowers up to the pad was something he did without a second thought. He wanted their relationship to be much more than just sex . . . and it was.

"I thought you'd like them," Marty said, shuffling the deck and dealing a new hand. "It's good to have a friend as well as a lover for a change."

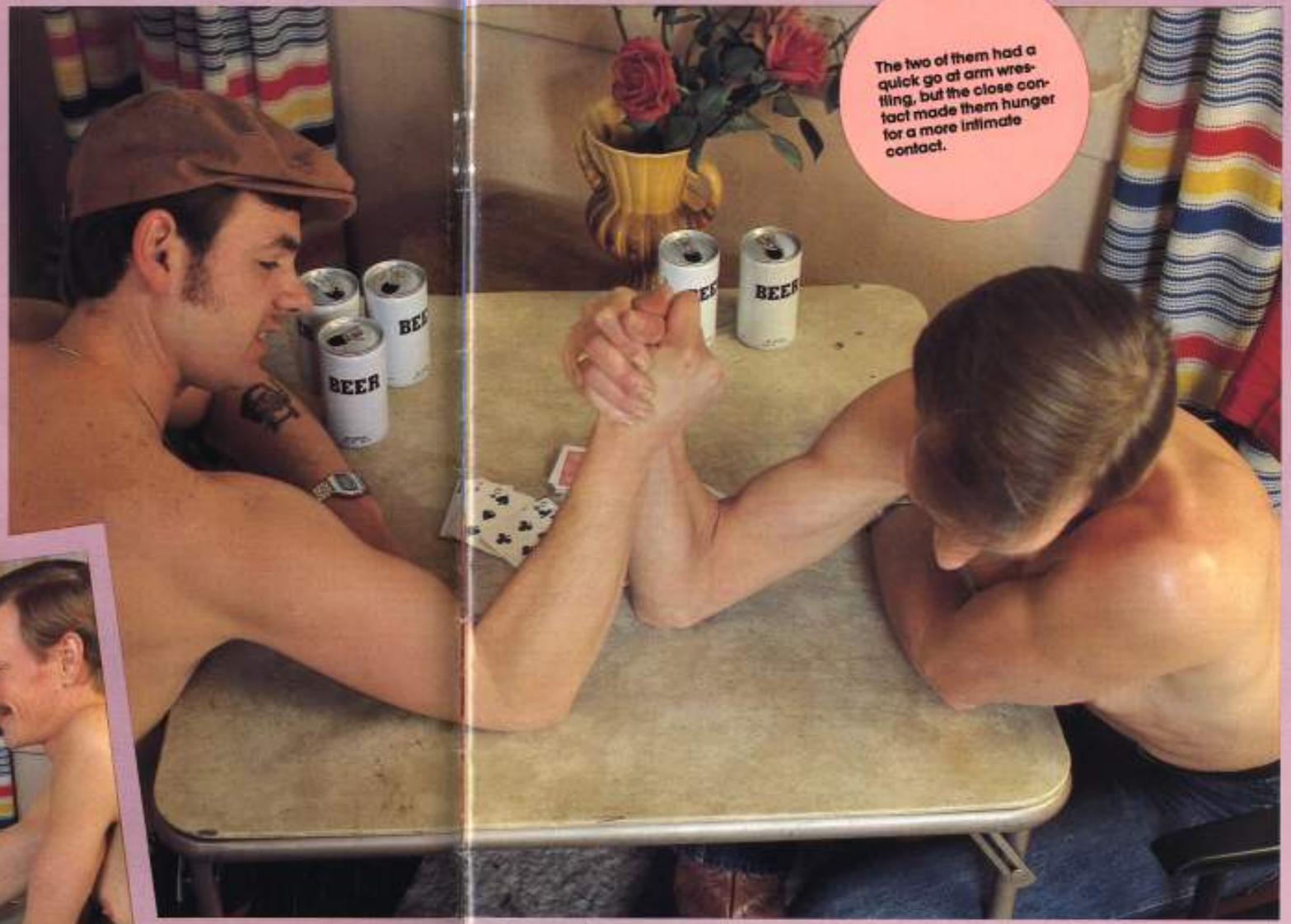
Frank took a sip of beer, then played his hand, losing. He laughed. "Looks like my shirt goes," he said, stripping off his blue sport shirt. Marty flushed at the sight of his young lover's chest, and he could feel his rod stiffen in his tight brown pants. He took a gulp of beer to clear his throat, then went on with the game. Losing the next hand, he removed his plaid shirt and tossed it aside. He was sitting on a red couch, and Frank was on a director's chair with the card table set in between them. That couch! It had been the scene of their first love-making, and the thought of it turned Marty on. He

wiggled his ass, feeling the contact with the rough fabric of the couch.

"Give me a chance to get even in wrist wrestling," Frank suggested with a gleam in his eye.

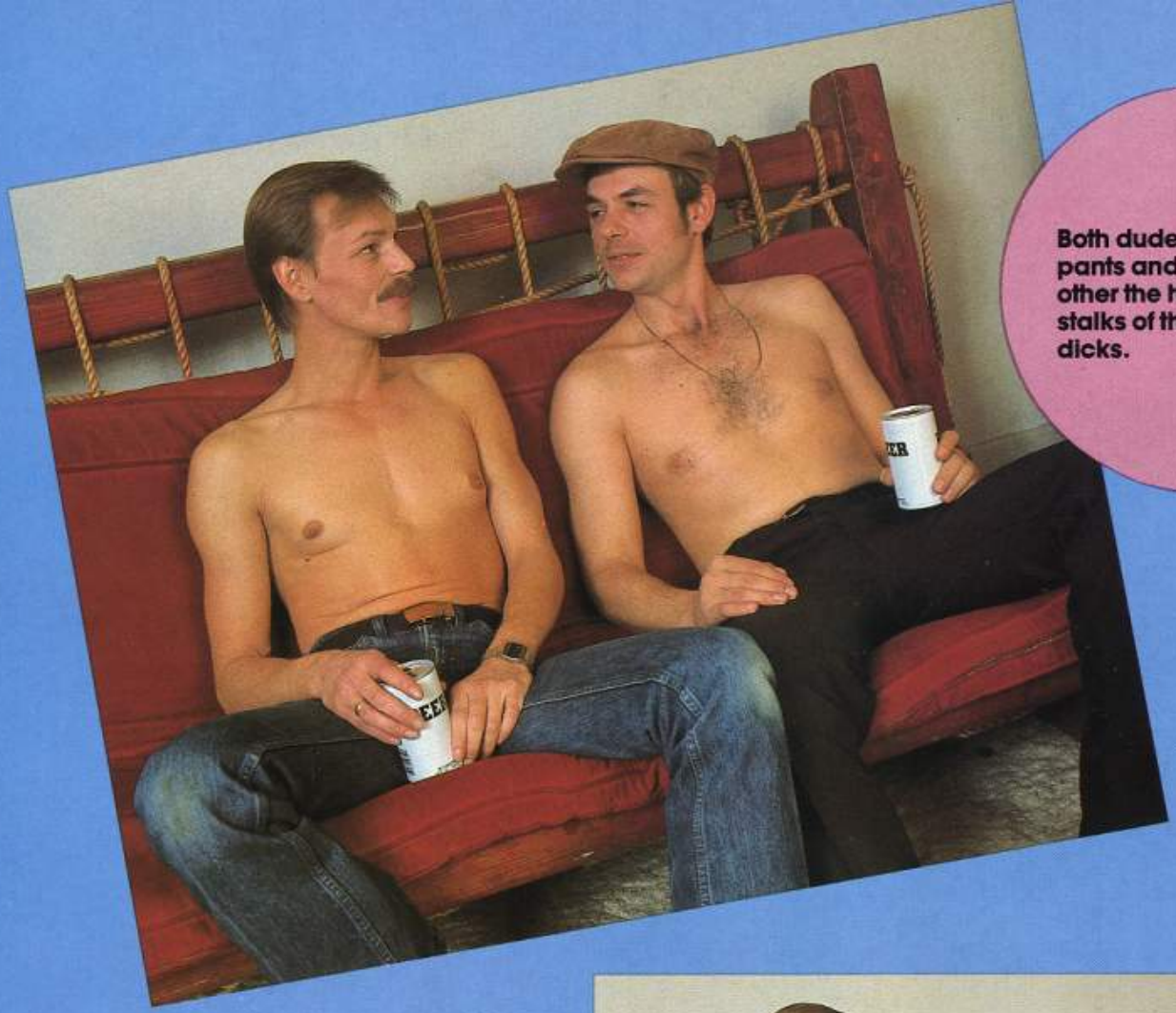
Now it was Marty's turn to laugh. "You know you can't do that," he said, putting down his cards. The two of them had a quick go at arm wrestling, making it the next hand in the game. When their fingers met, both men felt a wave of excitement pass through their bodies, and the sweat that beaded on their foreheads was more from passion than from the strain of the wrestling.

Inevitably, the powerful young Marty won that hand, but before Frank re-



The two of them had a quick go at arm wrestling, but the close contact made them hunger for a more intimate contact.

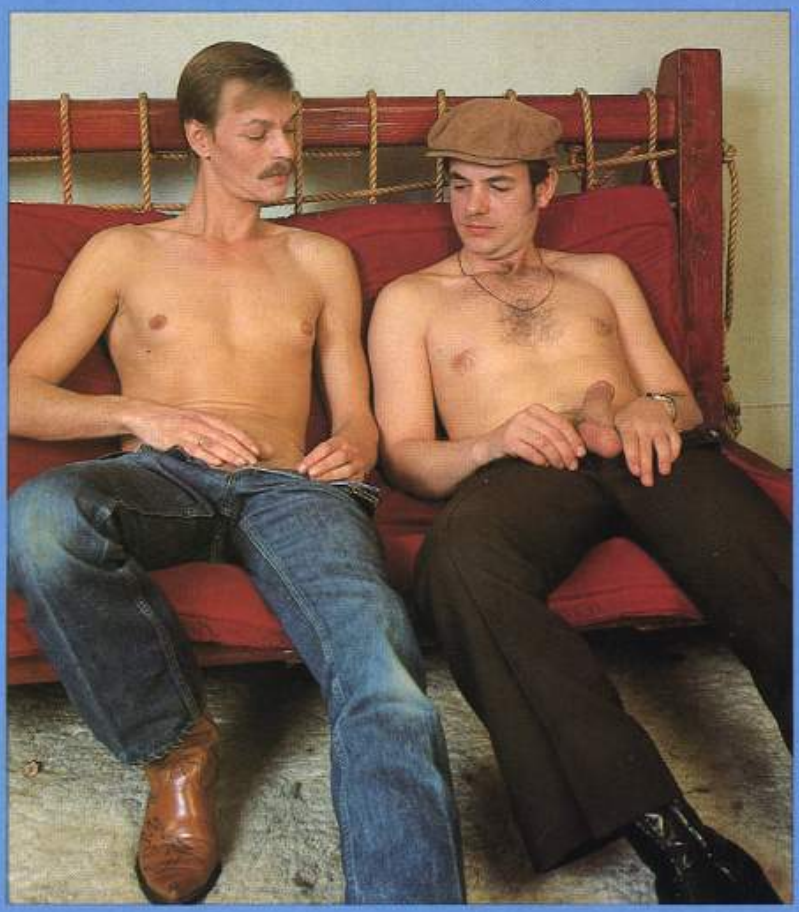
boys will be boys



Both dudes lowered their pants and showed each other the hardening stalks of their excited dicks.

moved any more of his clothes, he had set the table aside and joined his boyfriend on the couch. There, his blue jeans started to come down. Marty watched with increasing arousal and a growing bulge in his slacks. Frank had undone his buckle and unzipped his fly, then slid the tight denim pants over the slender shape of his hips.

Marty's hard-on was now a steel pike in his brown pants, tenting out the front of the crotch, and he was moaning for the pleasure of Frank's sweet lips on the throbbing shaft of his cock. They were clutching beer cans in one hand, but their free hands had already fallen to each other's crotches. Marty thrilled to the feel of



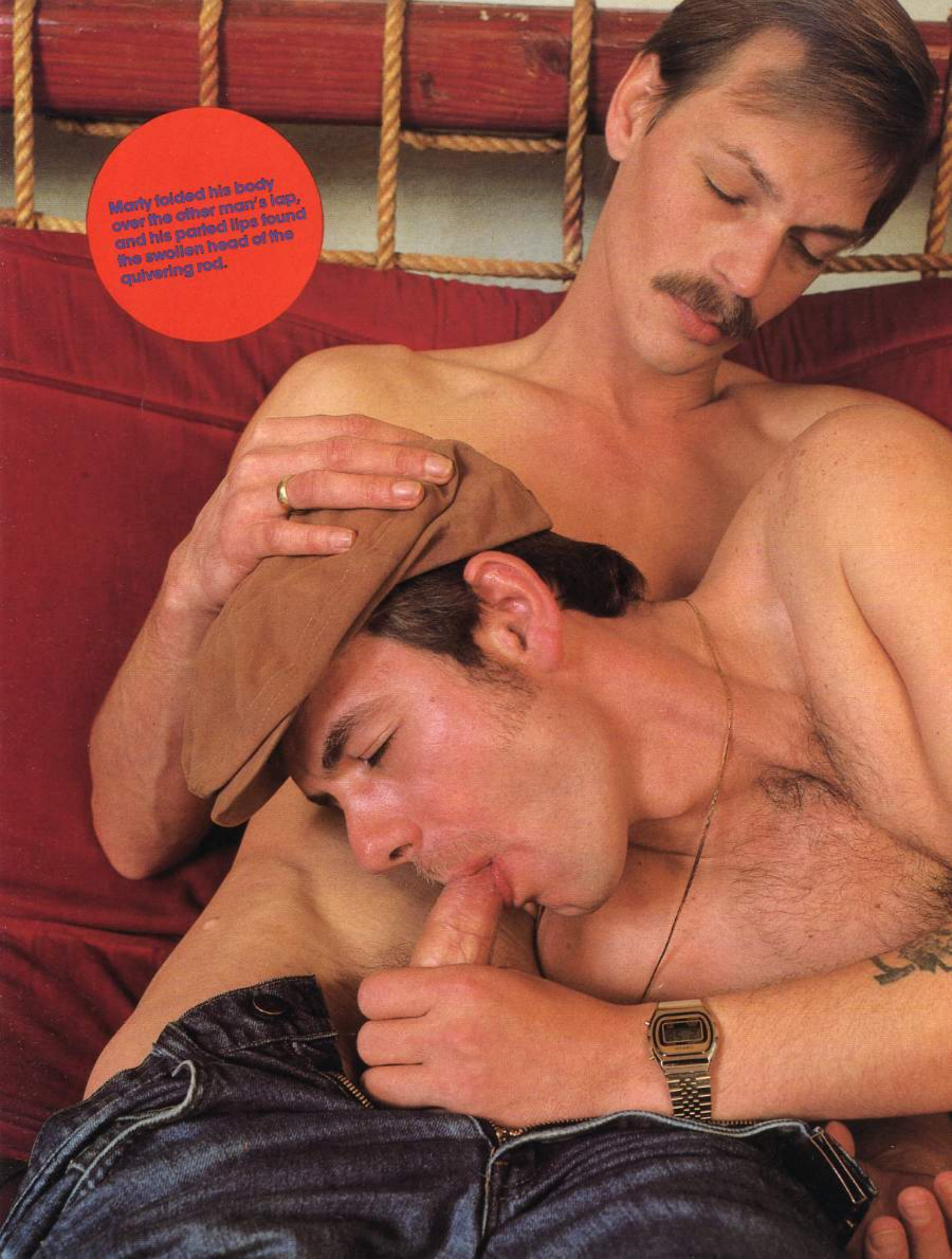
Frank's long pecker, a stiff rod that ran down the length of his inner thigh.

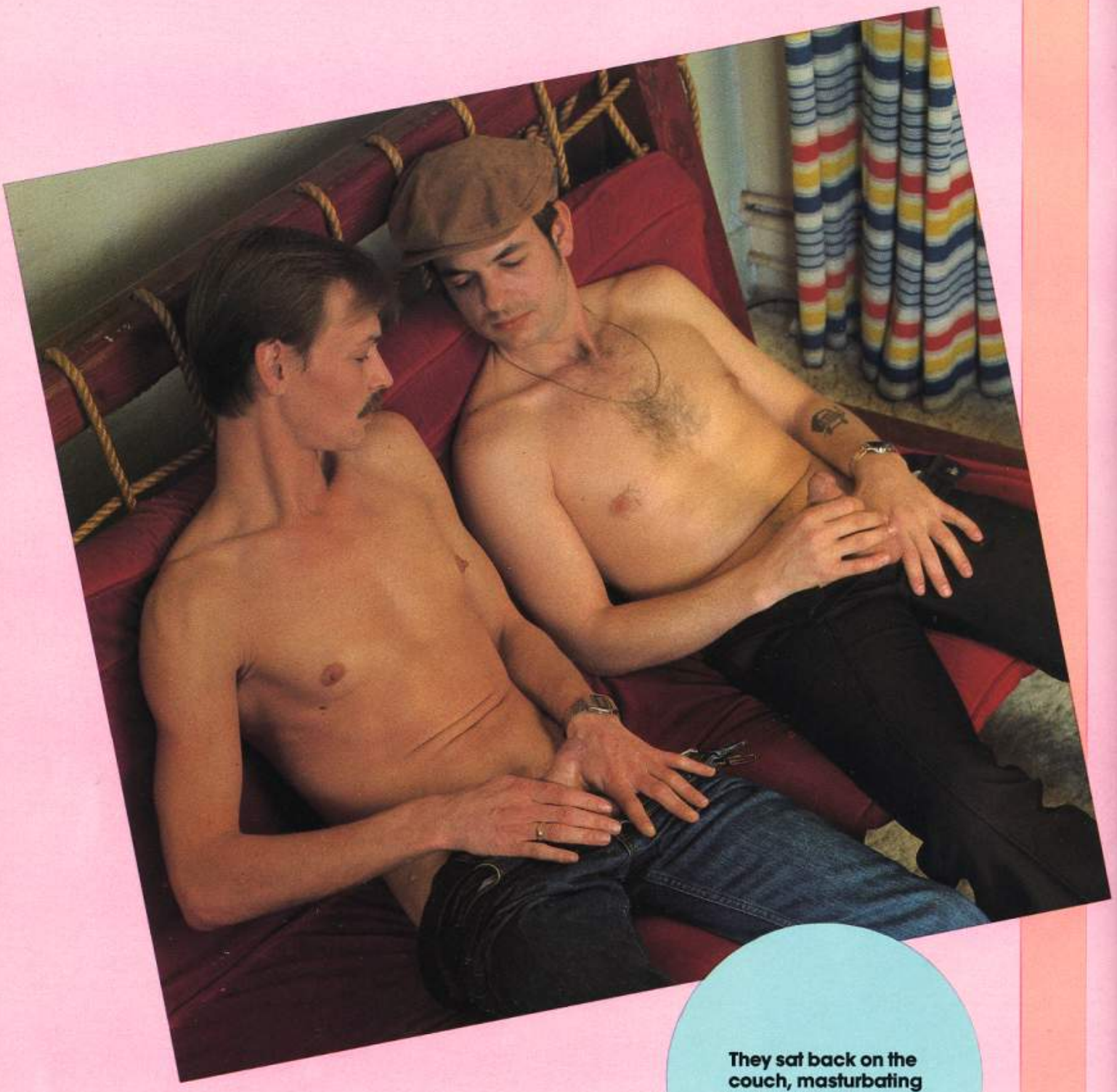
"Let's have a look at that thing," he suggested, and Frank quickly complied. As he slid his jeans down further, his dick sprang into view, and then it was sticking straight up from his open fly. Marty's heart was pounding, and he had to get his own stiff prick out of his pants.

"Oh, Marty," Frank sighed, as the other man opened his pants and lowered them just enough to display his cock.

"You're beautiful, Franny," Marty cooed, calling his lover by the young man's favorite nickname, and as each sat staring at the other's cock, their rods got longer and thicker and the heads bulged with blood.

They began to stroke their own pricks, enjoying


Marty folded his body over the other man's lap, and his parted lips found the swollen head of the quivering rod.



They sat back on the couch, masturbating and sipping beer.

Frank could taste his young lover's breath, as they kissed passionately and increased the pressure on one another's throbbing peckers.

the smooth feel of the fingers along the meaty flesh. Each man's hard-on trembled with excitement, as they each frigged methodically away. "O-h-h-h, this is so nice," Frank moaned. "Compared to the way it used to be." He didn't have to say more than that. He and Marty often discussed their former lovers — they'd each had quite a few — and Marty already knew that Frank's last live-in boyfriend had treated him badly.

Their roving hands had now moved to each other's bones, and as they sat back comfortably on the big red couch — soothed by the dim lighting and the mellow sounds from the stereo — their fingers danced up and down the length of the other's pulsating prick. They loved to do this, just sit here with their pants halfway down, slowly jerking one another off. Tingles of excite-

Their fingers danced up and down each other's pulsating peckers.

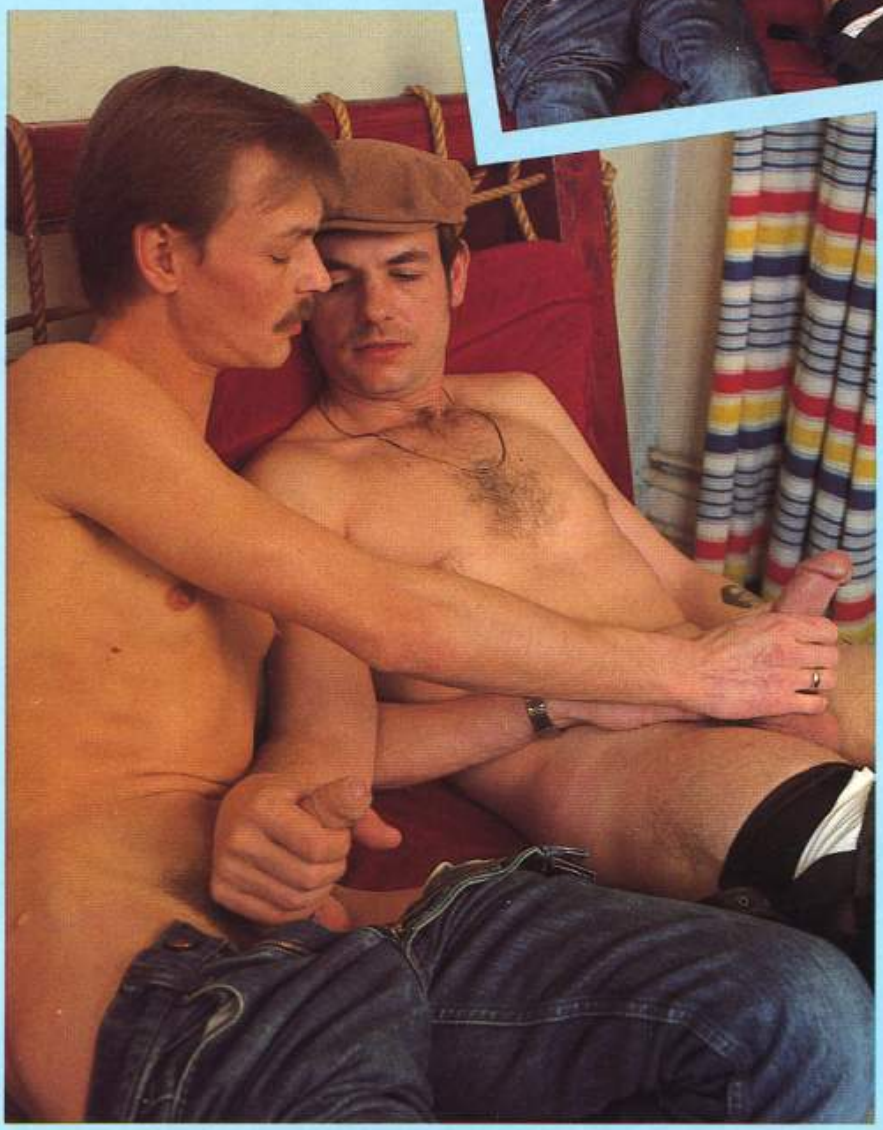
ment passed through the bodies of each man, as they worked gently away at each other's quivering dicks.

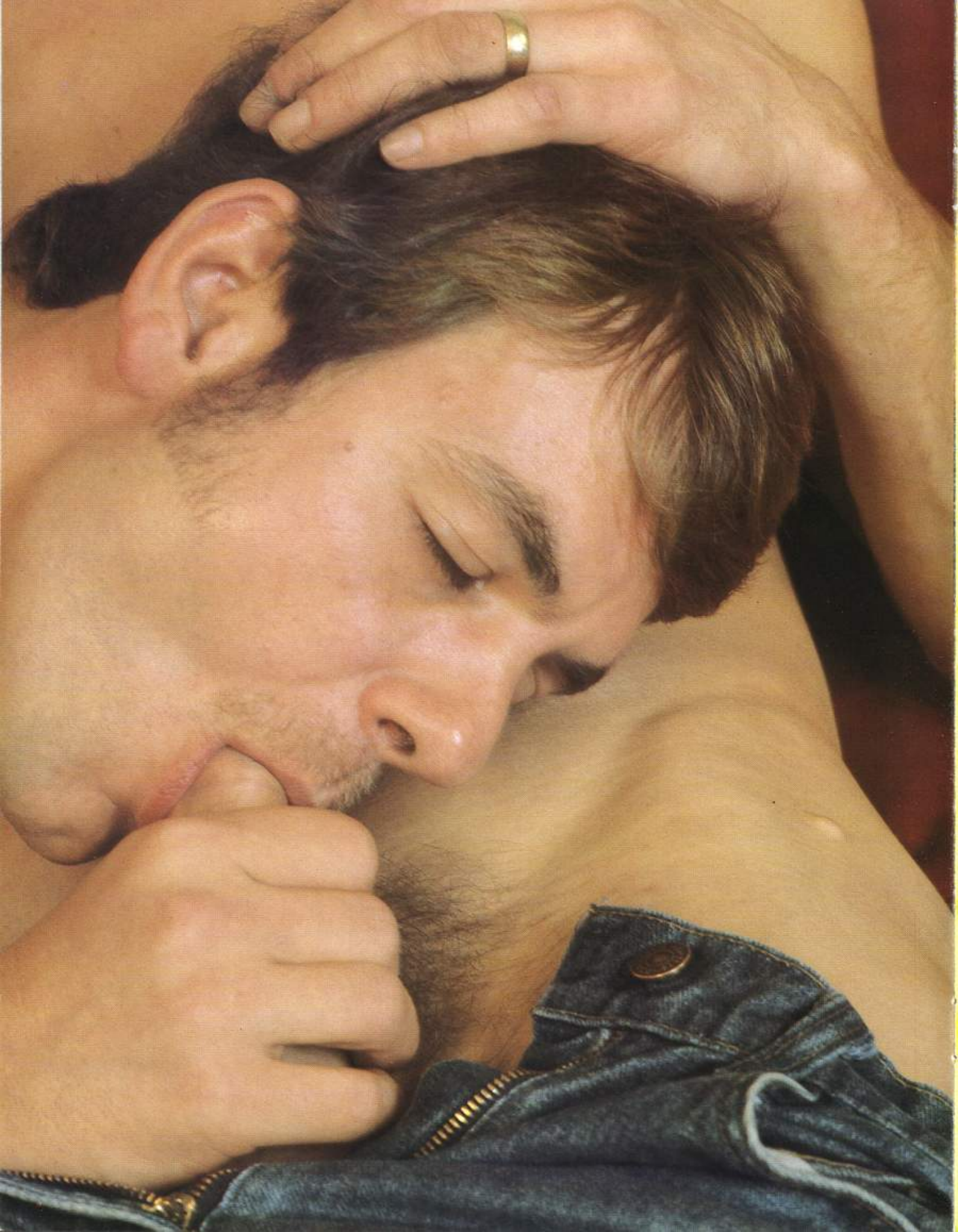
They moved closer, till each could feel the breath of the other man on his lips, and then their mouths closed over each other. They were kissing, deeply kissing, and the pleasure engulfed them. Their hands tightened on each other's cock, and the pace of their stroking increased, as tongues moved inside hot mouths and explored the cavern within.

Marty, the tan cap that was his trademark perched at a jaunty angle on his head, was the first to draw back. The thrust of Frank's tongue in his mouth had been like a trigger to the electric current in his body, and now he wanted his mouth filled with more than just tongue. His eyes were riveted on his boyfriend's, and both knew what was coming.

Slowly, Marty folded his body over Frank's lap, and his parted lips found the swollen head of the other guy's rod. Then he was pursing his lips around the nut-like cock-tip, and soon the whole length of the shaft was sliding into his mouth. His head moved slowly up and back, as he felt the soothing hands of his lover all over his back and arms.

"O-h-h-h, that feels so good," Frank moaned, as his boyfriend's lips moved faster and faster up and down the trembling





Straightening up on the couch, he gazed into Frank's limpid eyes, and then they kissed. Tenderly now, their lips made scintillating contact, and then their arms were around each other in a tight embrace. Their mouths locked together and they tasted one another's spittle, as — eyes closed now — they pressed together and gave themselves up to the passionate French kissing.

When their lips finally came apart, Frank began to tip over, and this time his face was in his young lover's lap. He gazed at the stiff rod of flesh, and it was as if he was in a trance. Marty's cock was a wonder to behold, per-

The young blonde's tongue flicked out to caress the cock-head, feel the contours of its shape, then dip into the tiny indentation of the piss hole.

length of his cock-shaft.

Marty was in heaven himself, thrilling to the salty taste of Frank's cock in his mouth. He loved the way the blood-engorged thing filled his mouth, puckering out one cheeks as he sucked away. The scent of Frank's excitement was rich in the moist hairs of his pubic patch, and the odor drove Marty wild. His lips pressed tighter on the other guy's rod, and he began pistoning his face up and back along the swollen prick.

His jaw was aching and his neck was stiff as he sucked away, but the need in his own cock and balls for the sensations of Frank's lips was the only thing that finally got him to withdraw.

"M-m-m-m-m," Marty sighed. "Oh, I like that. Oh, yes. Suck me off like that."

two hunks in heat...

Marty slid his stiff rod between his boyfriend's soft ass cheeks, then found the puckered ring of his anus with the head of his quivering cock.

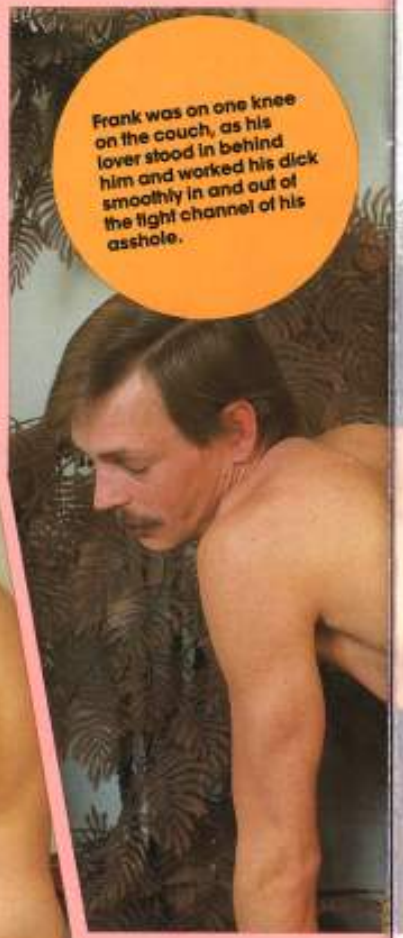
fectly formed and stiff as steel. He stroked it with his fingertips, marveling at the satiny smoothness of the head, the thick ridge at the crown, the sleakness of the blue-veined shaft. His tongue flicked out to caress the cockhead and feel the contours of its shape, and then the tongue-tip dipped into the indentation of the pee-hole.

"M-m-m-m-, I like that," Marty was sighing. "Suck me off, Franny. Oh, you know how I like that."

Frank's lips slid down the pole, till the knob of the cock head made blunt contact with the roof of his mouth. He got over Marty's lap at a better angle, and then his lips began to slide up and down the wet cock shaft, slowly and sensuously at first, then with increased speed as his happy young lover urged him on.

"O-h-h-h," Marty was groaning. "A-h-h-h. Oh. Oh. Oh. That feels magnificent. Oh, I love your lips, Franny. O-h-h-h-h-h!!!"

Frank was sucking wildly on his boyfriend's dick now, his lips leaving a wet trail up and down the throbbing shaft of the guy's prick. The taste was wonderful in his mouth, and the bouquet of erotic excitement was pungent in his nostrils. He could feel his lover's hands dancing along the flesh of his back and chest, as Marty fondled him the whole time.



Frank was on one knee on the couch, as his lover stood in behind him and worked his dick smoothly in and out of the tight channel of his asshole.

When he finally withdrew his lips from his beloved's rod, Frank sat up straight on the couch. Marty was already skinning down his slacks, and the other guy did the same. When Frank's boots and jeans were off, he glanced over at Marty. The two of them were naked now, ready to show their love for each other however it pleased them.

Marty was on his knees on the couch, his wet rod sticking straight out. His lover, seated beside him, leaned way over to get a better look. What a whang! Marty's prick was the loveliest thing he had ever seen in his life, sticking out hard and full. His lips parted again and soon the throbbing stick was within his mouth's grasp. Frank slid his lips back and forth along the shaft,

stopping when he felt the swollen cock-head on the inside surface of his lips. He cock-sucked for all he was worth now, his neck straining with the effort as his face jerked back and forth.

Marty was perched on his knees and gazing down at his handsome young lover. His ass tingled with excitement and his nuts were drawn up tight. He didn't want to shoot off right away, because that would just spoil the fun. As he saw his glistening dick reappear between Frank's lips as the young man drew nearly off it, he gave a little jerk backwards with his loins and his pecker popped free from his lover's sucking mouth.

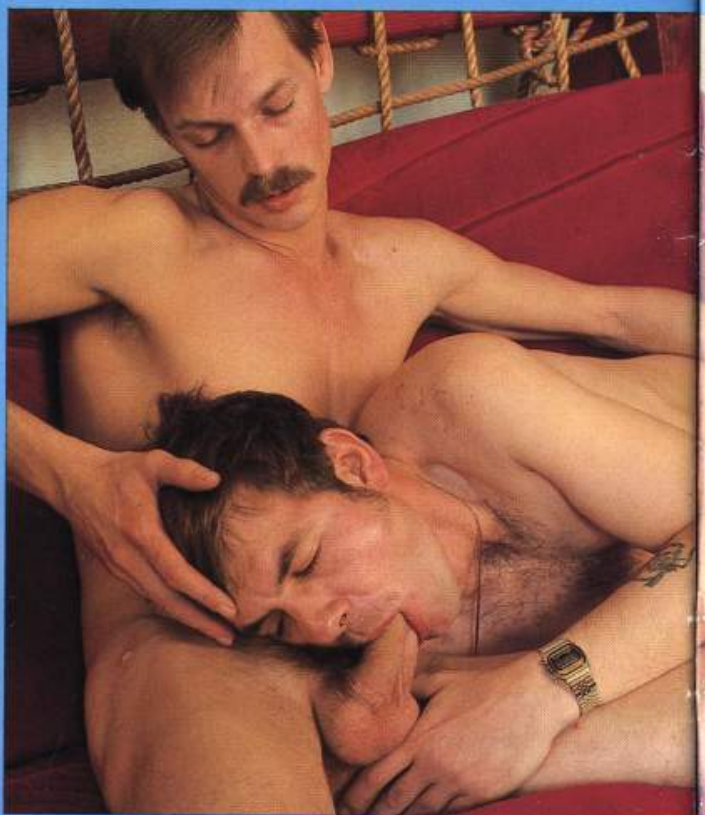
Frank sat up, then leaned comfortably back

against the cushions of the red couch. Marty was still perched on his knees, but he soon toppled over the other guy's lap. Then, balancing himself like that, he went down on Frank's stiff poker. His lips soon covered the head, and then they were sliding down the length of the stiffened shaft. He could hear Frank moaning with pleasure, as he sucked faster and faster at the throbbing tool that filled his mouth. Then they switched positions again.

Frank loved to do it this way. He enjoyed bowing before the strong physique of his boyfriend, lowering himself and filling his mouth with Marty's stiff pecker. The other dude straightened his body, rose on his knees, gazed down the flatness of his abdomen at the sight. Warmth filled his whole body and his flesh tingled as he watched Frank's skillful lips sliding up and back on the straight white finger of cock flesh.

Suddenly, he had a deep desire to fuck his friend in the backside. It was something he loved, sinking his cock into the soft anal passage of a good looking young guy. He hadn't done it yet with Frank, but they hadn't been together very long either. Sliding his wet cock from between the man's hot lips, he guided him into the proper position.

Frank knew what was coming, and he had no desire to resist. Soon he was in a standing position, but with one foot up on the couch. He reached behind himself



He could hear Frank moaning with pleasure, as he sucked faster and faster on the guy's throbbing cock.

to part the soft cheeks of his ass for the rampaging tool of his powerful young friend. This was even more exciting than bowing before the guy and sucking his prick. He was about to be entered, and it made him thrill to the feelings of a young virgin girl about to receive the first cock of her life into her tender young pussy.

Marty was standing behind him with one foot up on the cushions of the couch, and then the swollen head of his stiff pecker was inside the puckered pink anal ring of his friend.

"Relax," he said gently. "Just let yourself go, Franny. You'll love this."

Marty was right, for as Frank relaxed his sphincter muscle and his boyfriend began fucking steadily in and out of his asshole, the sensations that filled his body were heavenly. Never in his life had he felt pleasure to equal this, as the other guy probed his asshole and thrust swiftly in and out. Marty's loins were pressed to the smooth curves of Frank's backside, and they were soon breathing heavily with the most intense pleasure. Then Marty was squirting his creamy come into Frank's butt-hole, lubricat-

Creamy jism oozed out his mouth, down the cock in a thick strand and over his thumb where he gripped the spasming dick.

ing it, filling it. It was the most satisfying orgasm of his life.

When they finally split apart, Marty decided to do as much for his young lover. Seating Frank on the couch one more time, he bent over and slipped the guy's rigidly stiff peter into his mouth. Then he sucked him till the handsome blonde could hold his come no longer, and a shower of semen filled Marty's mouth.

As he gasped, parting his lips for just a second, a thick strand of the gooey stuff dripped out, cascading all the way down the length of Frank's throbbing dick till it covered the tip of Marty's thumb where his hand grasped the big cock. And then they collapsed to the couch in a tight embrace, two guys who have it together, two men who know that where there's genuine love, sex is the most wonderful thing in the world.